

The CROWS ... CAA! Caa! caa! caa! Caa!!!

... By Joey Scarfone

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...*

A best foothold lies on the shakiest ground—it is what escape-goat's cloven-hoofs cling to. Scarfone did not send ten poems for survey evaluation...he send 196 words... [So I know, in my hart (extending a herding metaphor so long as you're not listening to lines unheard), they must be good—I was not mistaken, thankfully, just this once. As it happens, of coarse they are.] No sense me wasting your time; unless you don't want to blow your mind. Consider it done, words and images just roll of his tongue ...caps and bushels exist without congruity but you have got to get over being under either. Joey's 'THE CROWS' would hang on a wall at the Metro or Muse of Modern Art in En' Why City except his brush is stroked with a pen (or pencil for all i know—packet of crayons?) Rave on to Scarfone—he'll get you hooked on fonetics with a PH balance... as if most Poets of his caliber possess (nor embrace) his unshared, abashed Humility....tip your lips, I'll start you off: "they sit on the hydro wires like punk rockers / in the cheap seats at a concert." Here's my new mantra: ""pick on the spotted owl, stick it to the bald eagle / but don't mess with us crows...we are here forever."ahhhhh, lost but not forgotten—no sense droning, when you could read Sarfoning...it in. (Spacing is poet's own.)

Five stars

THE CROWS

they sit on the hydro wires like punk rockers in the cheap seats at a concert

fashion isn't their thing
no pretty coloured feathers or sweet songs
they wear black leather and black leather only
their song is a raunchy blues....
with a smoker's cough

that's why I like the crows.....no pretenses

you won't see them gliding up to some silly bird feeder
like those social climbing sparrows
they'll eat left over pizza from last night's hockey game

no wonder they don't have the energy to migrate

instead, they brave the winter in their skinny jackets
huddling together like street smart ethnic gangs
body heat is all they need

i admire crows.....they're tough
they can survive in the city or the jungle
same difference, it's just survival

we'll never see a crow immortalized on a coin or a stamp
there won't be a portion of wetland set aside for their preservation
because they don't need the advertising
they're already famous

refusing to become extinct they dictate their terms to evolution
“pick on the spotted owl, stick it to the bald eagle
but don't mess with us crows
we are here forever”

THE POET SPEAKS: *I don't think crows get the credit they deserve in the bird kingdom and yet their survival skills are second to none. They're not exactly good looking either. They just keep on keeping on and being who they are with a total disrespect for everyone. If they were students they would be expelled for their terrible attitude. I just love that.*

AUTHOR BIO: Joey Scarfone lives in Victoria, BC where he owned Lazy Joe's Vinyl Emporium—a store devoted to classic vinyl. He devotes some of his time and all of his interest to poetry and music.